

# POEMS

ON *K M L*

Divers Subjects :

*Sam 50*  
VIZ.

On Liberty.

To the KING, on his  
Accession to the  
Throne.

To *Fidelia*.

The Dream.

The Absence: Or, *Da-*  
*mon's* Lamentation  
for the Loss of his  
Mistress.

Innocence: Or, the hap-  
py Meeting; two  
Pastorals. &c.

To which is annex'd,

The *Dream* taken out of *Ovid's* Frag-  
ments, and attempted in *English*.

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By a Young Gentleman.

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*Scribere jussit Amor.*

---

L O N D O N.

Printed in the Year 1718.

POHMS

ON

Prayer Subjects:

VIZ

On the 1st of May 1841  
to the KING as his  
Majesty is the  
Majesty of the King  
On the 1st of May 1841  
to the KING as his  
Majesty is the  
Majesty of the King



The British Museum  
has the honor to acknowledge  
the receipt of the above  
mentioned subjects

and to inform that they  
have been forwarded to the  
proper authorities for their  
consideration

LONDON

Printed in the year 1841



# THE PREFACE.



REFACES are, of late, become so common, that it's a Fault almost unpardonable, to be without one; for let a Man's Work be never so compleat and beautiful, and the Author himself in never so great Repute and Esteem, yet if he ventures to appear, and commit his Labour to publick Censure, without Apologizing for his Undertaking, either by way of Preface, or an insinuating Epistle to his



Grace, or Right Honourable, he unavoidably undergoes not only the sharp and severe Lash of the most eminent Criticks, but of the meanest and most scurrilous Writers of the Age, and consequently the Censure of every Man's private Judgment; for now-a-days every petty Scribler turns Satyrizer and Reformer; and every raw and illiterate Coxcomb, that, perhaps, is not worth half a Grain of Wit, thinks himself endued with the Talent of a Critick; and so, right or wrong, falls foul upon an Author, and, just as he pleases, takes upon him to censure and reprove him: And all, Forsooth, to shew his Talent of Criticizing.

'Twas to stop the Mouths of these snarling Currs, that the Author penn'd this Preface: He never design'd one at the first Composing of these Poems, but resolv'd to send them into the open World naked and defenceless, having nothing but  
their



## The PREFACE.

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their own Innocency and native Simplicity to recommend them: But, upon the Importunity of my Bookseller, (who very gravely told me, what an hazardous Enterprize I undertook; and that if I persisted in my Design, I should unavoidably fall under the Censure of every mean and pitiful Blockhead, without I scar'd and affrighted them by a bold Defiance in my Preface) I readily comply'd with his Desire; not that I wou'd have any one judge so meanly of my Understanding, as that the Fear of such a Set of Men, surely as they are, can make any Impression upon me; for (Thanks to my Fate) I am not so soft mouth'd, but I can snarl, and grumble, (and bite too upon Occasion) as well as they; nor so mean spirited, but I can shew as much Resentment, when provok'd to it, as any of them.

But whether my Bookseller, upon this Advice, had not more Regard to his own  
Interest,

Interest, than what I might reasonably fear from the Reality of what he asserted, I shall leave to the Judgment of my Reader: Not that, by this, I would seem to offer any Excuse to hide the Faults of the ensuing Poems, for I am conscious of their many Defects and Failures; yet, I hope, the Easiness and Simplicity of their Style, the Innocency of their Language, that Candour and Generosity with which they were first composed, and the good Intent and Design of their Publication, will, if not altogether, yet in some Degree, screen them from that hard Censure and Reproof, which otherwise they would be liable to.

But, perhaps, it will be required that I give some Reasons for the Publication of them; and how a Work of this Nature dare appear Abroad without the Protection of some Great Lord, or other Eminent Person at the Head of it. Why, the Truth is, I thought it would be both superfluous

## THE PREFACE.

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persuious and impertinent, and that it would rather tire, than any ways divert and entertain my Readers, so that I was unwilling to give Them, or his Lordship, any unnecessary Trouble upon that Account.

As for their Publication, indeed I know not how to offer any Excuse, for I am too sensible of their Deficiency and Uncorrectness in several Places: But being Originally compos'd for the Entertainment of the Fair Sex, whom the Author has a particular Esteem and Veneration for; and some urgent Affairs not allowing me Time to finish and compleat what I had propos'd, (for I design'd several more of this Kind) I thought it would be unjust to keep from them that which was primarily design'd for them, and to which they have a peculiar Right and Claim, as the following Pages will testify. And if the Fate of these Poems be such, as afford the least Diversion and Entertainment



went to that Sex, so as to merit their Esteem and Applause; I shall think my Labour well rewarded; nor shall I be at all sollicitous what Opinion the rest of the World shall please to have of them.

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POEMS,



P O E M S, &c.

# On Liberty.

*O dulcissima Libertas !*

O Liberty! Thou charming, sweetest thing,  
Thou greatest Darling of the greatest  
[King;

Thy heav'nly Offspring, and thy lovely Name,  
Thy Worth most mighty, and immortal Fame;  
My Muse in Ecchoing Lays shall now rehearse,  
And shew thy Grandeur in immortal Verse.

Tho' Man, of all God's Creatures, *Lord* was  
 [nam'd,  
 When first this large and spacious Orb was fram'd ;  
 Who, tho' by Heav'n's propitious Will, was plac'd  
 In all the Joys his happy Dwelling grac'd ;  
 Tho' all Delights his peaceful Mind possess'd,  
 And ev'ry Sense with ev'ry Joy was blest'd ;  
 Yet without thee, how loath'd had been his State,  
 How vain those Joys which did around him wait ?  
 How mean & abject Slave wou'd he've been own'd,  
 And liv'd in Bondage, tho' with Honours crown'd ?  
 'Twas thou compleat'dst his Happiness begun,  
 And mad'st him reign with far more great Re-  
 [nown  
 Than all those other Joys he then possess'd,  
 Or ever center'd in his peaceful Breast.

To



TO THE  
K I N G,

On His Accession to the Throne,

*August the 1st, 1714.*

**H**Ail! mighty King, of vast and great Renown;  
A bright Example for the *British* Throne.  
Your Royal Virtues, and Triumphant Deeds,  
As well at Home, as in the Martial Fields,  
Have long since eccho'd thro' this Western Isle;  
Which quickly caus'd a mighty Joy in all;  
Expecting, e're 'twas long, thy potent Hand  
Wou'd sway this Scepter, and command this Land.  
Long have we wish'd; but, ah! as long in vain,  
When you, as Head, shou'd o'er this Nation reign.

But now 'tis come, th' auspicious Hour is come,  
 And Mighty *GEORGE* ascends great *England's*  
 [Throne.

Long may you reign, with Peace and Plenty  
 [crown'd,

And all the Blessings which your Throne surround,  
 Long may you Rule in Triumph this our Land,  
 'Till Death, too hasty Death, your Life shall end.

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T O  
F I D E L I A.

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*Multa diuque tuli.*

Ovid.

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**M**Y sweet *Fidelia*, tell me why  
 Thou dost my fond Caresses fly.  
 Why thus disdain my passi'nate Love,  
 And make my Fondness fatal prove.  
 Why all Intreaties prove in vain ;  
 Why thus repuls'd with cold Disdain,  
 Has some proud Fop, in gay Disguise,  
 Attract'd the Lustre of your Eyes ?  
 And by a gaudy outward Shew,  
 Beguil'd that Love, unsought by few ?

Has



Has some fond Youth, with artful Tongue,  
 Betray'd each passionate Motion?  
 Or some rich Miser's tempting Ore,  
 Ensnar'd that Heart, so free before?  
 So free to every Zealous, Kind,  
 And Fervent Motion of my Mind.  
 So free to ev'ry fond Desire,  
 Each ardent Flame, and youthful Fire.  
 So free, that nothing e'er can be  
 More welcome to my Love and me.  
 Ah! cruel Maid; but, ah! as fair,  
 As fair as Heav'n's bless'd Angels are;  
 D' y' think I'll mourn at your Disdain,  
 And see my Passion prove in vain?  
 D' y' think I'll tamely see that Heart,  
 (Of which I once possess'd a Part)  
 Giv'n up to some gay Youth a Prey?  
 And see him wanton all the Day,  
 In your young, tender, sportive Arms?  
 And see him rifle all your Charms?  
 Or let him basely triumph o'er  
 That matchless Prize I won before?

No,

( 15 )

No, I'll dispossess my Riv'l-Foe,  
Or send his Soul 'mongst wand'ring Ghosts below.  
I'll either make my Joys compleat,  
Or die, my self, Love's Victim at your Feet.

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ODE

# O D E.

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*Nullus Amor tanti est.*

Ovid.

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**L**ET th' ambitious and the factious Crew,  
Let those, who Wealth and Honour do pur-  
[sue;

By Fraud and Treachery,  
Deceit and Flattery,  
To Grandeur's Top aspire,  
'Till they can soar no high'r,  
Nor cherish more their unrestrain'd Desire.

Let ev'ry Man attain his Happiness,  
His imag'nary Bliss;  
So long as my *Fidelia* loves,  
Loves me alone, and constant proves,



I ne'er shall envy their propitious Fate ;  
 Nor would I change my happy State  
 For all the Joys their fancy'd Bliss can give ;  
 For greater I can ne'er receive ;  
 Nor sweeter Blessings know,  
 Than she alone is able to bestow.

The highest of m' Ambition shall be  
 To fall a Sacrifice  
 To her victor'ious Eyes ;  
 And e'er adore her as my Deity.

To her I'll dedicate my Lays :  
 To her I'll sing,  
 My Numbers bring,  
 And with repeated Ecchoes sound her Praise.

Her matchless Charms I'll trace thro' ev'ry Line ;  
 With Art unknown, my polish'd Verse shall shine ;  
 And so, like her, it shall be all Divine.

To my Friend, dissuading me  
from the Love of *Fidelia*.

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*And now let my free Friends advise,  
Or let them blame, 'tis all in vain ;  
Too feeble they to break the Ties,  
When Love's Beauty make the Chain.*

Chreece, Hor. Epod. xi.

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**A**LL your Perswasions will successless prove ;  
In vain, my Friend, you labour to remove  
Love's head-strong Passion from my smitten Heart,  
Or lay the Raptures of its pleasing Smart.  
Love's the superiour Passion of the Soul,  
And triumphs still without the least Controul :  
Reigns over all th' Endowments of the Mind,  
Knows no restraining Laws, by none confin'd :  
And where it centers its Imperial Sway,  
Not Strength, nor Reason, can its Power allay.

Look back on distant Ages past and gone ;  
From the first Product of kind Nature's Womb ;  
You'll

You'll find the wisest Mortals were not free  
 From what you censure and condemn in me :  
 Love triumph'd o'er their Learning, Art, and Wit,  
 And forc'd their boasted Reason to submit.  
 Nor cou'd the bravest Warriours of old,  
 From great *Alcides*, to *Achilles* bold,  
 With all their vaunted Strength and Art, oppose  
 His pow'rful Armies, and his num'rous Force :  
 But gave up all to his triumphant Hand ;  
 Nor dar'd they murmur at his high Command.  
 Love conquer'd those who'd all the World sub-  
 [du'd,  
 And laid whole Armies rev'lling in their Blood.

Reflect, my *Mævius*, how oft you have said,  
 As we have walk'd in the refreshing Shade  
 Of yonders fragrant Mead, by Poplars made. }  
 " Thrice happy *Egon*, blest'd with such a fair,  
 " So bright a Nymph, even beyond Compare :  
 " Sure greater Joys, no Mortal can receive,  
 " Than such a Charmer can both yield and give :  
 " Was I possess'd of her surprizing Charms,  
 " Cou'd I but sport and wanton in her Arms ;



" Was I but born to such a happy Fate,  
 " To be exalted to so high a State ;  
 " Tho' half the Globe was my allotted Share,  
 " I'd part with all for so Divine a Fair.

In such soft Words you wou'd your Thoughts  
 [express,  
 And the sweet Raptures of her Charms confess.  
 Your Praise wou'd then my gen'rous Flame approve,  
 And own the Conduct of my virtuous Love.  
 And wou'd you have me? *Mævius*, must I then  
 On my past Oaths and Vows reflect again ?  
 And null that Faith which I so oft have sworn  
 For to maintain, Ten Thousand times and more ?  
 O, don't persuade me ! Do not egg me on,  
 And make me basely to my Ruin run !  
 I cou'd as soon deny the Pow'rs Above,  
 As prove Unjust and Faithless to my Love.

Ovid.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful Mead,  
Where wanton Kids with sportive Lambkins fed :  
Its tender Grass was mix'd with Lilly sweet,  
And the young Dazy press'd beneath the Feet :  
The mossy Banks which on each Side were plac'd,  
The lofty Pine and spreading Poplar grac'd :

## Three

Three rows of Beach in equal Order stood,  
Fed with the Current of a Chrystal Flood.

But what did most my wond'ring Eyes invite,  
And fill my Soul with exquisite Delight,  
Was an Alcove, so delicate and fine,  
As shew'd its Product to be of Art Divine.  
It stood within a large adjacent Grove,  
Where Gods, of old, indulg'd their wanton Love.  
Pleas'd with the Sight, with eager Haste I flew,  
This glorious Mirrour of Delight to view.  
There beaut'ous Objects my charm'd Soul amaz'd;  
And I on each with equal Pleasure gaz'd.  
Upon the Top there stood, of polish'd Stone,  
A stately Image, which with Lustre shone.  
The finest Painting on the Boards I saw,  
As Tongue cannot describe, nor Pencil draw:  
There *Venus* sat, attended with her Doves;  
And round her Chariot were ten thousand Loves.  
Amongst the Crowd the winged God I spy'd,  
His golden Quiver hanging by his Side;  
From which he drew the keenest pointed Dart,  
And fix'd it deep in a Young Virgin's Heart :  
The



The wounded Maid cou'd not from Tears refrain,  
Tho' inwardly she hug'd the pleasing Pain.

Opposite to this I cast my wondring Eyes,  
And saw contending for the Golden Prize  
The beauteous Three; in the same order plac'd,  
As when Mount *Ida*'s happy Top they grac'd.  
Naked they stood; their Charms expos'd to view;  
Which both my Wonder and Amazement drew  
Impartial *Paris* in the midst did stand,  
Holding the Golden Apple in his Hand;  
Unable to adjudge, nor did he know  
On whom the Noble Present to bestow:  
Each Goddess's Charms shone so amazing Bright,  
As equally oblig'd his Ravish'd Sight:  
But overcome with Beauty's conqu'ring Eyes,  
He adjudg'd to *Venus* th' Immortal Prize.

But as I gaz'd with Admiration round,  
And ev'ry Object most delightful found;  
I saw a Person whose Seraphic Face,  
At first declar'd her of Cœlestial Race.  
Such awful Greatness in her Looks appear'd,  
My Captivated Soul confess'd she Fear'd.

But

But I perceiv'd, as I did nearer move,  
 An Aspect full of Beauty, and of Love.  
 Eternal Youth adorn'd her Lovely Face :  
 Eternal Youth attended ev'ry Grace.

The Fair *Alcmena*, whose bright sparkling Eyes,  
 Drew down the smitten Thund'rer from the Skies;  
 N'er look'd so Beautiful, nor spread such Charms,  
 When grasp'd she lay within his fire'y Arms.

Long time I gaz'd, when from her Seat she rose,  
 And to my view did all her Charms expose.  
 My Soul seem'd Ravish'd at the pleasing Sight,  
 So like a Goddess did sh' appear, so Bright.  
 She made up to me with a seeming Air  
 Of Youth and Gaiety, but surprizing Fair.  
 Approaching near, she call'd me by my Name,  
 And smiling, ask'd me whence and how I came  
 Within this Place, this Paradise of Bliss,  
 Where none dare enter but Love's Votaries?

I went to make a suitable Reply ;  
 When, oh ! as Trembling, I advanced nigh,  
 And o'er survey'd her with a curious Eye ;

I saw 'twas *Fidelia*, my lovely Fair;  
 I knew her by the Tresses of her Hair:  
 The sprightly Looks and vigour in her Face,  
 Join'd with a Noble Mein, and matchless Grace,  
 Quickly declar'd, and told me who she was.

Gods! with what Rapture was my Soul possess'd!  
 What sweet Confusions roll'd within my Breast!  
 I strove to grasp her in my longing Arms;  
 But, oh! not able to withstand her Charms,  
 My ravish'd Soul in dire Amazement stray'd:  
 A strange Disorder o'er my Senses play'd.  
 My drooping Spirits lost their vital Heat;  
 My feeble Pulse began at ev'ry beat  
 To loose her Force; a sudden Chillness ran  
 Through all my Veins; by turns my Strength began  
 For to Decrease; unable to Controul,  
 The dire Emotions of my sinking Soul.

And now, by too Sublime a Joy possess'd,  
 I fell, and sinking clasp'd her to my Breast,  
 The Nymph encompass'd with a mighty Grief,  
 With Pleasure strove to give my Soul relief.



She held me fast, and gently stroak'd my Face;  
 My languid Cheeks receiv'd a sprightly Grace:  
 A sudden Joy possess'd my trembling Heart;  
 A lively Vigour ran thro' ev'ry part:  
 I rose, and in a fond Embrace did Kiss  
 Her balmy Lips, while she return'd the Bliss.  
 A strange Emotion Struggl'd in her Breast;  
 And what her Tongue deny'd, her Looks express.

But now no longer able to Conceal,  
 What tempting Nature forc'd her to reveal,  
 She paus'd a while; then Sigh'd, and trembling said;  
 " Egon, forgive a Young and Tim'rous Maid:  
 " Now I am well convinc'd your Love's astrue,  
 " As what I always hop'd to find in you.  
 " Kneel then, and Swear by all the Pow'rs above,  
 " You'll ne'er be Faithless, nor Unconstant prove:  
 " Swear you'll for ever, eternally be Kind;  
 " And ne'er admit my Rival in your Mind:  
 " You'll ne'er prove False, or Perjur'd to your  
 Vows;  
 " But always me, and none but me Espouse.

Vow

- " Vow this, and nothing you shall ask, or want,  
 " But I will freely, and with Pleasure grant.  
 " You never shall have reason to Complain,  
 " And say you're quite undone by my Disdain:  
 " Swear, and by all that's Good, by all that's True,  
 " I'll shew that I can Love as well as you:  
 " Nor shall dull Age my vig'rous Flame decrease.  
 " But with my Years my Passion shall increase.

She said no more, but left me for to Guess,  
 What Shame wou'd not admit her to confess.

With what an Extasie was I possess'd!  
 As if some Angel had pronounc'd me Bless'd.  
 My Soul environ'd with a Joy so Bright,  
 Own'd she cou'd hardly bear the vast Delight:  
 I took her by the Hand, and vow'd and Swore,  
 I'd always her, and none but her Adore:  
 Vow'd to be Faithfull, and for ever Kind;  
 And fix her sweet Idea in my Mind:  
 Vow'd, that no turn of Fate shou'd ever move,  
 The Basis of my Everlasting Love.

And now, our Vows confirm'd, we both prepare,  
 The Sweet delights of warmer Love to share :  
 With Joy I grasp'd her in my vig'rous Arms,  
 To Glut and Feast on her Delicious Charms ;  
 But, oh ! the mighty Transport did not last ;  
 Just as I press'd, the Sweets of Love to taste ;  
 Curse on the Thought ! I heard a sudden Noise,  
 Which wak'd me, and put a stop to m' approaching  
[Joys.

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THE



THE  
ABSENCE:

OR,

*Damon's* Lamentation for the  
loss of his *MISTRESS*.

A  
PASTORAL.

**B**eneath the Covert of a Shady Grove  
Poor *Damon* Sate, and Mourn'd his absent  
[Love.

His Charming *Silvia* was his only Care;  
*Silvia* the Lovely, Constant, Kind, and Fair.  
A brighter Nymph ne'er Grac'd the rural Plains;  
Not Sweet *Cordelia*, who in *Amoria* Reigns,  
E'er

E'er shone so Bright in her fond Lover's Arms;  
 Or spread so many soft and pleasing Charms.  
 Her killing Eyes had pierc'd his melting Heart,  
 And made a Wound, too deep to bear the Smart :

With sweetned Notes he did his Love proclaim:  
 The Woods and Mountains did resound her Name.  
 No other Object cou'd his Passion raise :  
 She only was the Subject of his Lays.  
 None else cou'd ever his fix'd Thoughts employ :  
 She was the only Bliss he cou'd Enjoy.  
 Nor cou'd he hope to have his wounded Heart  
 Heal'd, but by Her who Shot the fatal Dart.

In doleful Strains he did express his Grief;  
 None but his *Silvia* cou'd procure Relief  
 To all the Miseries which his Soul sustain'd :  
 The Cause of which he often had Complain'd ;  
 And almost Curs'd the fatal Time, when he  
 Beheld so Fair, so Bright a Deity.

Ten Thousand Curses he to Cupid sent,  
 Who first had rob'd him of his Soul's Content.  
 And

And rais'd in his calm Breast Love's hidden Fire,  
Kindl'd with the Glowing Sparks of strong Desire.

• The Birds, and Savage Beasts with woful Cries,  
In all his Actions seem'd to Simpathize;  
And Mourn the loss of so divine a Queen,  
In whose sweet Face were all the Graces seen.

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INNOCENCE:



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# INNOCENCE:

OR, THE  
HAPPY MEETING.

A  
Pastorial Dialogue

BETWEEN  
DAMON and SILVIA:

AS *Damon* fate reflecting on his State,  
And all the Cares which did attend his Fate;  
His lovely *Silvia* near the Grotto lay,  
Where wanton Kids with other Skip and Play,  
And spend in Am'rous Sports the pleasing Day.

Sweet

Sweet murm'ring Rivers ran close by her side,  
 Whose purling Streams in soft Mœanders Glide.  
 Cool shady Myrtles all around were plac'd:  
 All Nature's Sweets the pleasant Pasture Grac'd.  
 There *Silvia* lay; she heard her *Damon* Mourn,  
 And oft repeat his absent *Silvia's* Scorn.  
 She heard him in pathetic Tones relate  
 The Story of his unaspicious Fate.  
 She heard him sadly vent without Controul,  
 The raging Anguish of his troubled Soul.  
 She heard him Curse the Fair enticing She,  
 Who first had rob'd him of his Liberty;  
 And made him yield to tempting Slavery,  
 The only Cause of all his Misery.  
 Touch'd with the Sense of Pitty and of Love,  
 She trac'd his Foot-steps to the silent Grove:  
 Where she beheld him laid supine along,  
 Tuning his soft Lyre to his mournful Song.  
 An inward Grief o'er all his Face was seen;  
 Love's raging Passion ran thro' ev'ry Vein:  
 Amaz'd she stood, 'till Love's prevailing Pow'r  
 Made way, the Dictates of her Mind to Vent,  
 In Sounds like these.

*Silvia.*

Tell me, my *Damon*, why thou dost Complain,  
 O let me know the Cause of all thy Pain.  
 What means this Grief to Lord it o'er thy Soul,  
 And all thy Noble Faculties Controul?  
 Has some disdainful Nymph that Love deny'd,  
 Which she will freely grant to all beside?  
 Or has she of your frequent Vows complain'd?  
 And Cruelly your proffer'd Heart disdain?  
 Or don't your Flocks produce their wonted Fleece?  
 Or does your Cattle on the Plains decrease?  
 Tell me, dear Sheppard, for I long to know  
 The sad, but real Causes of your Woe.  
 Perhaps I may prevent your Grief's increase,  
 Relieve your Sorrows, and procure your Peace.

*Damon.*

No, no, Sweet Maid, the Ills which I endure  
 In my despairing Breast, admit no Cure.

Not



Not all the Spices of the *Arabian* Shore ;  
 Not all the Wealthy *Indies* Mighty Store ;  
 Can ease the Anguish of my troubled Soul,  
 Or the least Motion of my Heart controul.  
 Not all the Pleasures of these Flow'ry Fields ;  
 Not all the Sweets which Fertile Nature yields ;  
 Not *Pan's* sweet Pipe, nor *Orphans's* charming Lyre,  
 Can my distracted, restless Mind inspire ;  
 Or lay the Tortures of my raging Breast ;  
 For know, my Soul disdains the thoughts of  
 [Rest.

My *Silvia's* gone, my only Happiness,  
 And present Prospect of my future Peace.  
 My Charmer's gone, and left me to bemoan  
 Her cruel Absence, but more cruel Scorn.  
 To what propitious Deity shall I Complain?  
 O! whether shall I go to ease me of my Pain?

*Silvia.*

What Beauty's this, which to my Grief I find,  
 Dear Sheppard, has Dethron'd me from your Mind?  
 E 2 And

And basely rob'd me of my dearest part,  
The sweet Enjoyment of thy precious Heart?  
Or is that former Beauty in my Face ;  
Those pleasing Charms which you was won't to  
[praise,  
Since my short absence, lost? that you don't know  
Your constant Partner in your Grief and Woe.

*Damon.*

“Curse on this Tyrant Grief!  
“Which Canker-like has eat through m’ ev’ry  
[part,  
“And uncontrouldly Prey’d on ev’ry Sense;  
“And with an uncommon Power destroy’d  
“The calm Serenity of my Peaceful Soul;  
“And rais’d in my quiet, undisturb’d Brest,  
“The Glowing Sparks, of Rage and Passion.

“ O ! this heavy Load of Sorrows weight !  
“ Which ’fore my Eyes has cast a misty Cloud,

"That

" That I can't discern that beautiful Face,  
 " Whose pow'rful Charms once caught m'unwary  
 [Heart,  
 " And forc'd me to submit to Conqu'ring Love,

My *Silvia*! alafs, 'tis for you alone,  
 I all these wracking Pains have undergone:  
 For what cou'd please, to think I never more  
 Shou'd see that Nymph, I ever cou'd Adore?  
 To think my only Pleasure and Delight,  
 Shou'd be for ever Banish'd from my sight.  
 To think that I shou'd never more Embrace  
 Thy Lilly Neck, nor kiss thy Beaut'ous Face:  
 Nor ever more my pressing Cheeks shou'd rest,  
 On the soft Pillows of thy snowy Breast:  
 Nor closely Hugg thee in my longing Arms;  
 Nor ever more Enjoy thy pleasing Charms.  
 O! how cou'd you Delight, a harmless Swain  
 To wound, then wrack him with eternal Pain?  
 First to o'ercome me with your Magick Eyes;  
 Then Scornfully my Passion to despise.  
 First to Entice me in Love's tempting Snare;  
 Then leave me to the Pangs of wild Despair.



I never thought that Tyrant Cruelty,  
 Cou'd ever Reign in Beauty's Deity:  
 Or that so haughty, uncontroul'd a Guest,  
 Cou'd ever gain admittance in thy lovely Breast.  
 What tempting Object, Fair One, cou'd thee move  
 Thus curelly to Forsake thy Constant Love?  
 Surely you do not know what 'tis to Groan  
 Beneath the heavy Weight of Beauty's Scorn.

*Silvia.*

My dear lov'd Sheppard, when I let you know  
 My sad Mischance, which forc'd me for to go;  
 I do not doubt but quickly you'll Repent,  
 And not accuse my Heart that's Innocent.

Not long ago, the prettiest of my Flock,  
 The best belov'd, and Care of all my Stock,  
 One of my tender Lambkins, went away,  
 Whilst I by yonder Criftal Riv'let lay,  
 Tir'd with the toilsome Labours of the Day.  
 Oppress'd

Oppress'd with Grief, I rang'd o'er all the Plain,  
Thro' flowry Vales, and distant Woods I ran  
To find the pretty Rogue, but 'twas in vain ;  
I never more shall see its Face again.

O! how sweetly it us'd to Sport and Play,  
Then gently down its tender Head wou'd lay  
Close at my Feet, and with it's pretty Eyes,  
Wou'd melt my Soul with Rapture and Surprize ;  
Then, full of Sport, it on my Knee wou'd leap,  
And fondly grasp it's Feet about my Neck,  
Then prettily my yielding Lips wou'd lick. }  
O! that I cou'd but see thee once again!  
But, oh! too well I know that thought's in vain.

Think then, dear Sheppard, how unkind you be,  
Thus to upbraid me with Inconstancy :  
And wrongfully to accuse my constant Love,  
That Love, which I can freely Die to prove.  
No, no, my Dear, it never shall be said,  
You was by too much Faith and Love betray'd }  
In the Pursuit of an ungrateful Maid.

But

But who cou'd bear to loose so sweet a Dear,  
My constant Partner, but my more constant Care.

Weep, Weep, my Eyes, and Mourn my restless  
[Soul,

Let no deluding thoughts thy Sighs controul ;  
But in despite of Pleasure, Joy and Ease,  
In constant Moans, Sigh out thy wretched Days.

*Damon.*

Pardon, Dear Nymph, if I, thro Grief misled,  
The Dictates of my Mind have disobey'd ;  
And wrongfully accus'd thy Innocence :  
Which Cruel Act, no Time can recompence.  
But since kind Heav'n (which ne'er disdains to hear  
A despairing Lover's fervent Prayer)  
Has with a pitt'ous and compass'nate Eye,  
Beheld my wretched Woe and Misery ;  
And favourably granted my desire,  
The speedy return of my absent Dear ;

Since



Since once again with mutual Love we're met,  
 After the Danger of a long Retreat;  
 Let's all past Crimes quite efface and forget;  
 And never more such trifling Thoughts permit  
 To disturb our Peace and Quiet:  
 But hear, my Dear, beneath this shady Grove  
 (A sweet Receptacle for the Joys of Love)  
 Uninterrupted by our Flocks we'll sit,  
 And all our former happy Loves repeat:  
 In pleasing Whispers we'll Congratulate,  
 This blest Reverse of our unhappy Fate:  
 We'll sing sweet *Venus* her immortal Praise,  
 And early Trophies to her Honour raise:  
 To *Cytherea*, shall ev'ry where rebound;  
 Remotest Vallies shall repeat the Sound:  
 We'll all intruding Cares and anxious Grief  
 Quite sooth away with the more calm relief  
 Of Joy and Love; and cherish ev'ry fond Desire,  
 Till to the height of perfect Bliss we both Aspire.

THE  
D R E A M,

Taken out of

OVID'S FRAGMENTS.

*N*OX erat, et Somnus lassos submitit ocellos,  
Terruerant Animum talia visa meum.

*Colle sub aprico, celeberrimus Ilice lucus*  
*Stabat, et in ramis multa latebat avis.*

*Area gramineo suberat viridissima prato,*  
*Humida de guttis lenè sonantis aque.*

*Ipsè sub Arboreis vitabam frondibus æstum;*  
*Fronde sub Arboreâ, sed tamen æstus erat.*

*Ecce, petens variis immistas floribus Herbas,*  
*Constitit ante oculos candida Vacca meos.*

*Candidior nivibus, tunc cum cecidere recentes,*  
*In liquidas nondum quas mora vertit aquas.*

*Candidior, quod ad huc Spumis stridentibus albet,*  
*Et modo siccata, lacte, reliquit Ovem.*

*Taurus*

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# ATTEMPTED

I N

# ENGLISH.

**T**was Night, and Sleep had clos'd my weary  
 Eyes,  
 When these strange Aspects did my Soul surprife.  
 Renown'd for lofty Oaks, an antient Wood  
 Beneath a scorching sunny Mountain stood.  
 Many Devouring, Rav'nous Birds of Prey,  
 Had'midst the cluftring Boughs lurk'd all the Day.  
 A verdant Plain, with falling Waters fed,  
 Inclose'd with Flowry Banks, an Herbous Mead.  
 From *Sol's* hot Piercing Beams I did refrain,  
 I fhun'd the melting Heat, but all in vain.  
 When, lo, a fair young Cow before me stood,  
 Feeding on Simple Herbs, her dail food,  
 Whiter than new fall'n Snow, unmelted yet,  
 Or pierc'd by vig'rous *Sol's* devouring Heat.



Taurus erat Comes huic, feliciter ille maritus,  
 Cum -que suâ teneram Coniuge pressit bu mum.  
 Dum jacet, et lentè revocatas ruminat Herbas,  
 Atque iterum pasto pascitur ante Cibo;  
 Visus erat, somno vires adimente, ferenti  
 Cornigerum terræ depossuisse Caput.  
 Huc levibus Cornix pennis delapra per Auras  
 Venit, et in viridi garrula sedit humo.  
 Terque Bovis niveæ petulantî pectora Rostro  
 Fodit, et albentes abstulit ore notas.  
 Illa locum Taurumque diu cunctata reliquit;  
 Sed niger in vaccæ pectore Livor erat.  
 Utque procul vidit carpentes pabula Tauros;  
 (Carpebant Tauri pabula læta procul)  
 Illuc se rapuit, gregibusque immiscuit illis;  
 \* Et petiit Herbe fertilioris opem,  
 Dic, age, nocturnæ quicunque es imaginis Augur,  
 Si quid habent veri, visa quid ista ferant.  
 Sic ego; nocturnæ sic dixit imaginis Augur,  
 Expendens animo singula dicta suo.

Quem

Whiter than Milk just forced from the Teat,  
 Whose falling Streams do albert Froth create.  
 A Bull, her happy Mate, lay by her side,  
 And Stamp'd the Ground with his beloved Bride.  
 Whilst thus he lies, and gently chews the Cud,  
 And twice is nourish'd with the self same Food;  
 O'ercome with Sleep, he couch'd his horny Head,  
 And made the tender Grass his downy Bed.

A rav'nous Bird, whilst eager for his Prey,  
 With Wings expanded cut his Airy way;  
 And gently wav'ring down, litt near the Place  
 Where they were lying on the tender Grass.  
 In the Cows Breast a horrid Wound he made  
 With his sharp Beak, th' Impression on it staid.  
 She left her Mate when she had some time lain,  
 But the black Print did in her Breast remain.  
 Soon as she saw far off some Bulls to feed,  
 (For Bulls were feeding in a distant Mead)  
 She hastned thence and 'mongst the Herd did graze,  
 And pluck'd the fertile Ground's more fatning

[Grass.  
 Tell

*Quem tu mobilibus foliis vitare volebas,*

*Sed malè vitabas, æstus Amoris erat.*

*Vacca puella tua est; aptus Color ille puellæ :*

*Tu Vir, et in Vacca compare Taurus eras.*

*Pectora quod rostro Cornix fodiebat acuto ;*

*Ingenium Domina Lena movebit anus.*

*Quod cunctata diu Taurum sua Vacca reliquit ;*

*Frigidus in viduo destituere toro.*

*Livor, et adverso Macula sub Pectore nigra,*

*Pectus adulteriù labe carere negant.*

*Dixerat Interpres ; gelido mihi Sanguis ab ore*

*Fugit, \* et ante Oculos nox stetit alta meos.*

\* Et ante oculos &c. Hoc quidem usu venire solet, ut pro nimio timore et dolore, Sensus amittamus ; et vel medio die nos in tenebris esse existimemus.

Domin.



Tell me, who e'er thou art that canst disclose,  
 Wild fancy's Visions in the Nights repose,  
 What good or ill can such strange sights portend,  
 If ought of solid Truth they comprehend.  
 I said: The *Augur* in his Mind did Weigh  
 Each saying by it self, and thus did say.

That Heat which you in vain strove to remove:  
 Was nothing else but the strong Heat of Love.  
 The Milk-White Heifer your young Mistress is;  
 A Colour suiting well a Gallant Mifs.  
 You are the Bull, the Cows thrice happy Mate;  
 And in your Love possess his blifsful State.  
 Because the Bird the Cows fair Breast did spurn;  
 An old Debauch your Lover's Mind will turn.  
 'Cause she left her Mate when sh' had sometime lain;  
 Your Nightly Partner with your Bed disdain.  
 The Wound, and horrid Marks which stain'd her  
 Mind,  
 Do shew the simple Heart's to Vice inclin'd.

The *Augur* said: My languid Cheeks grew pale;  
 And all my vital Spirits 'gan to fail.

F I N I S.

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